

Had it not been for horses, my dear children, you would never have been able to go to see your kind relations in Yorkshire: for how could you have walked an hundred and fifty miles? That would have been a ramble indeed, and such as you would never have gotten to the end of: but, by the assistance of horses, you got there in a short time, and even slept some part of the way. Indeed, we should be starved in London, were it not for horses, who drag all sorts of necessaries in heavy-loaded waggons from all parts of the kingdom, which men alone could never do.

Bless us, what have we got here? A poor ass, I declare. He makes but a mean figure, when compared to the noble horse; and yet he is not to be despised. Do not you remember, my dear children, that asses milk recovered your dear mama, when she was supposed to be going into a consumption?

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I am sure, you will not despise them for that reason.

This animal is very useful to poor people, who cannot afford to keep a horse; because he will live upon almost any thing, and be contented with what the hedges and ditches afford him. He requires no stable nor straw to lie on in the night-time, but takes shelter under some hedge or tree in the fields, without any expence to his owner.

There is no place, where they are so ill used as in and about London. As almost every tradesman there must keep his horse, so almost every chimney sweeper must keep his jack-ass; but these poor creatures are most barbarously used, and frequently even starved to death. There are a set of people, who call themselves sand-merchants, and these generally keep a little cart and two asses, who drag the cart about the city of London, for their masters to sell their sand retail.

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